

If You Have

Scrofula,
Sores, Boils, or
any other skin disease,
take

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

the Superior
Blood-Purifier
and Spring Medicine.
Cures others,
will cure you



**BIRNEY'S
Catarrh Powder**
Relieves Catarrh and Colds
in the Head Instantly by
one application.
Cures Head Noises &
DEAFNESS.
Sold by
Dr. J. K. Jones, Topeka, Kas.
Sole by druggists, 50c.

For the Ladies.

Have you handsome paper and envelopes for
correspondence? Did you ever try Hake's—put
up in neat boxes—White Rose, Chamomile Skin
and Velvet brands, ruled and unruled?
—Beautiful French and Crepe Tissues, all
colors, for shades, ornaments, etc.
J. K. JONES, Druggist and Stationer, 501 KAS. AVE.

Yellow, Dried Up and Wrinkled.
Is this the way your face looks? If so,
try Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood
Maker. It not only purifies the blood,
but renews it, and gives your face a bright
youthful appearance. Sold and warranted
by W. R. Kennedy, 4th and Kas. Ave.

Peerless Steam Laundry—Peerless
Steam Laundry.

Beggs' Little Giant Pills
Are the most complete pill on the mar-
ket, besides being the cheapest, as one
pill is a dose, and forty doses in each
bottle. Every pill guaranteed to give
satisfaction by W. R. Kennedy, 4th and
Kas. Ave.

Fine Work.
At Topeka Steam Laundry.

Just Found the Place.
Where you can get your furniture re-
paired and also packed for shipment.
Cleaning and laying carpets a specialty.
All kinds of general jobbing work done
on short notice. Work guaranteed by a
good mechanic. No 417 West Tenth
street.

Piles Can Be Cured.
The greatest pile remedy ever discovered
is Beggs' German Salve. It relieves
at once, and effects a permanent cure in
an incredible short space of time. Also
excellent for Cuts, Scalds, Burns and
Bruises. Every box warranted by W. R.
Kennedy, Fourth and Kas. Ave.

Omaha, Neb., May 4, 1891.
To Whom It May Concern:
I am troubled considerably with head-
ache and have tried almost everything
which is used as a preventative or cure, but
there is nothing that has done me so
much good as Krause's Headache Cap-
sules. **ALBERT HELLER.**

**Have You Tried Beggs' German
Salve**
For piles? If not, why not? Can you
afford to suffer longer for the sake of
25c. This is the price of the greatest
salve on the market. Sold and warranted
by W. R. Kennedy, Fourth and Kas.
Avenue.

Kansas City and Back \$1.50.
Via Santa Fe Route; Sunday only,
June 3rd. Excursion train leaving A. T.
& S. F. depot 8:30 a. m. sharp. Inquire
of Rowley Bros., W. C. Garvey or Arnold
& Son.

Procrastination is the Thief of Time.
We offer to the public in the CUBEE
COUGH CURE a most excellent cough
remedy, both as a preventative and cure
if taken in time or when first symptoms
appear. It never fails to prevent and
break up that which otherwise might re-
sult in a severe spell of sickness.
Sold by Rowley Bros.

Some thing wrong when you tire too
easily. Some thing wrong when the skin
is not clear and smooth. Some thing
wrong when you take De Witt's Sarsa-
parilla. It recommends itself. J. K.
Jones.

Having purchased F. W. Whittier's
interest in the firm, we are prepared to
give the people of Topeka the best the
market affords. **WHITNEY & SON,
730 Kansas Ave.**

What makes a house a home? The
mother well, the children rosy, the father
in good health and good humor. All
brought about by the use of De Witt's
Sarsaparilla. It recommends itself. J. K.
Jones.

How to Improve the Complexion.
Every lady that has used the cele-
brated Elder Flower Cream recommends
it as a great beautifier. It removes
freckles, tan, blotches, etc., and leaves
the skin soft, clear and beautiful. For
sale by J. K. Jones.

We put on new neckbands on shirts.
Peerless Steam Laundry, 112 and 114
West Eighth street.

De Witt's Sarsaparilla is prepared for
cleansing the blood from impurities and
disease. It does this and more. It builds
up and strengthens constitutions impaired
by disease. It recommends itself. J. K.
Jones.

Miss Myra Williams will give a garden
party at her home Thursday evening,
May 31st, for the benefit of the Episco-
pal church.

Let us remind you that now is the time
to take De Witt's Sarsaparilla, it will do
you good. It recommends itself. J. K.
Jones.

Charlie—Good steak. Where did you
get it?
Billie—Yes, the best in town. At
Whitney's.

Charlie—Where is that?
Billie—At Whitney's old stand, 730
Kansas Avenue.

The purifying effects of Ayer's Sarsa-
parilla are sure and speedy. Take it this
month.

SHE COULDN'T KEEP STILL.

A Reporter's Harrowing Experience With
the New Typewriter Girl.

For a reporter with but little to write
and plenty of time in which to write it
there is nothing more pleasant than to
dictate a narrative to a cheerful typewriter,
particularly if she be young and have nice
soft hair to distract the eye, and well
formed white fingers, and be withal ex-
ceedingly pleasing. But for a reporter
with a long yarn to write and a limited
amount of time to finish it things some-
times have a different aspect.

Near Printing House square is a type-
writing office which many newspaper men
frequent. A new girl came there one day
last week—a real nice girl, and an excel-
lent operator—but she had never done that
kind of work before. While she was sit-
ting in the main room upon the afternoon
of her first day a newspaper man came
bustling in, and—

"Mrs. J., have you got anybody to take
a two column story in a hurry?"
"Yes," replied the manager. "Here is
a young lady who has just come to us.
Miss Brown—Mr. Smith. You can go in-
to that corner room."

In three minutes the young lady was
seated at her machine, the newspaper man
was sorting out his notes, and the door
was closed so as to leave them undisturbed.
"Now, if you will please begin," the
newspaper man said. "In these days of
stern reality and suffering and struggle
for existence, a romantic episode comes
upon one with the refreshing delight with
which a traveler in a desert beholds an
oasis."

Clickety-clickety-click went the keys,
and then—
"Isn't that lovely? Is it going to be a
novel?"

The newspaper man looked up in amaze-
ment, but it was utterly impossible to be
angry with such blue eyes regarding him
in admiration.

"No," he said. "Please go on. In the
monotonous routine of Tombs police court
cases, however, there was one yesterday,
behind which lay a story so romantic and
so picturesque that it would almost seem
to have been created by a great novelist
who had striven to excel all his past ef-
forts."

When this had been recorded, and while
the newspaper man was wondering what
he would say next, the young lady, smil-
ing most radiantly, prattled on in this
fashion:

"That's just splendid. It sounds like
a real novel. Did you ever read 'Clarissa';
or, the 'Forsyte'?" It begins some-
thing like that, only it isn't so interest-
ing. Do you know, I never took dictation
like that before. The last place I worked
in I had nothing to do but copy letters.
Oh, dear, wasn't it tiresome, though?"

The newspaper man felt his collar get-
ting too small, but after swallowing some-
thing that seemed to stick in his throat he
said as gently as possible:

"Won't you please go on? I'm in some-
what of a hurry. What have you got
there?"

"Where?" in great surprise.

"I mean please read over what I have
dictated."

"Oh, how stupid I am! In these days of
stern reality—how do you pronounce
that word, in two syllables or three?"

Thank you—stern reality and suffer-
ing."

And she read what she had written.
Then, just as the newspaper man had set-
tled back in his chair, determined to dic-
tate to the end without giving her another
opportunity to interrupt him, she said:

"Excuse me; I think my hair is coming
down."

She went to a little mirror in a corner
of the room, examined her hair carefully,
and then, after touching up the puffs of
her sleeves and smoothing her waist, she
sighed and returned to her seat.

"There, now, I'm all ready."

For the next few minutes she had to
work so hard that she hadn't time to say
a single word. But soon the page was
filled, and she had to insert a new sheet,
and that was her opportunity.

"Gracious, how fast you dictate! It al-
most takes my breath away; but, do you
know, I like it. I think it's good prac-
tice. Were you there when all that hap-
pened? My, I wish I could be a reporter!"
The newspaper man went on with his
dictation. He was fast growing hopping
mad, but he hadn't the heart to say a
harsh word to the girl. She was really
very pretty, and as she became interest-
ed in the story a delicate flush mantled her
cheeks, and it was a pleasure to watch her.
But a newspaper man has no time for
pleasure during business hours, and these
chances did not interest him as much as
they might have done under other circum-
stances. But he struggled bravely on.

"Oh," she suddenly exclaimed, stopping
in the middle of a sentence, "did that
really happen?"

"Yes, yes! Will you please go on?"

"Well, the ideal I wouldn't have be-
lieved it. Do you know, I don't believe
half what I read in the papers. But, of
course, if you say so, it must be true."

"I'm sorry I can't chat with you, Miss
Brown, but really I'm in a great hurry."
"Oh, I beg your pardon! I forgot all
about that."

For nearly 10 minutes there was not a
break in the dictation save where a sheet
became full and a fresh one had to be in-
serted. The typewriter kept her lips firm-
ly pressed together, as if she were exerting
all her strength to keep silent. It was
clear to see that it could not last much
longer. In the middle of a paragraph she
suddenly stopped, and with a brief "Ex-
cuse me for a moment" left the room. In
a few seconds she returned, with her jaws
moving convulsively and a piece of chew-
ing gum in her hand.

"Won't you have some?" she asked po-
litely.

"N-n-no—and—I'll tell you what—er—I
guess I won't have time to finish this
story today. I'll come back some other
time."

"Oh, you're not going, are you? I'm
awfully sorry. I was just getting inter-
ested in the story."

"Very sorry—er—how much? Here.
All right. Good day!"

And seizing the few sheets that lay on
the desk the newspaper man went away
and finished the story with a pen.—New
York Sun.

Another Cipher.

"Miss Cayenne seems to favor the Ba-
conian theory," said one amateur actor to
another.

"Do you think so?"

"Yes. She told me that she herself had
observed a cipher in Shakespeare."

"Yes. She told me the same thing. I
asked her when she observed it, and she
said it was when I played Hamlet."—
Washington Star.

Dusty Dust.

Jimmy de Tough—Made any dust late-
ly?

Billy de Kid—Yep; I'm makin piles of
it every day beatin carpets.—Brooklyn
Eagle.



HANDSOME WALKING DRESSES.

The figure on the left represents a combination gown of figured challie, blue
ground and bright flowers, and dark blue silk cut in circles so that it has "sprung"
folds. The basque has three sprung ruffles, one of challie and two of silk. There is
a sprung bertha and cuffs. The figure on the right is of slate gray silk warp hosiery
with an overskirt of very light gray crepon, with the edge scalloped with black.
The cape is of the two shades of gray.

Studying Manners.

A new course of study has been in-
troduced in the curriculum of the El-
mira Female college, being a system-
atic study of manners. The council of
etiquette formed in the college is made
up of representatives from all the col-
lege classes, and to this council dispu-
ted points are submitted. It looks up
authorities, considers weights of evi-
dence pro and con and finally decides
according to the best standards. Once
every fortnight a member of the coun-
cil presents an original paper to be read
in the college chapel to the rest of the
students. Some of the subjects thus
presented have been "Manners in Public
Places," "Letters and Letter Writing,"
"Chaperons and Their Uses" and oth-
ers. The broad question of manners
cannot be too much studied or too well
understood. When it is brought down
to final questions of etiquette, which
can never be decided for all time in all
places, too much considering of them
is both tiresome and harmful. The kind
thing is usually the right thing. It is
while one is hesitating over what Mrs.
Grundy has decided to be the right
thing that the opportunity to do the
kind thing passes.

San Francisco's Belles.

The proper fad now for the young
woman who is anybody at all is to part
her name in the middle, like her brother-
in-law's, so to speak. This is distinct-
ly de rigueur. The girl who once called
Fannie Lewis, who at school wrote her
name Fannie B. Lewis and was later on
known as Miss Frances Lewis is now
Miss F. Brown Lewis. Pretty little
Nellie Dawson, whom you had scarcely
become used to reading about in the so-
ciety columns as Miss Helen Dawson,
has become metamorphosed into Miss
H. Brinckerhoff Dawson. Where did she
get that high sounding middle name?
Was her mother a Brinckerhoff? Not at
all. Indeed one shrewdly suspects that
Miss Nellie christened herself from one
of her favorite novels. Will the fad last?
Probably through the summer. And
what is the girl to do who has no part-
ing to her name? The general advice
is to invent one. The swiftest of all,
they say, is the girl who when a tot at
school used to weep bitterly over her
three "front names." Now Daisy
Smith's visiting card rejoices in the im-
posing array of Miss D. Robinson John-
son Smith.—Pacific Town Talk.

English Girls For Canada.

Miss Rye, a benevolent lady who for
years past has supplied Canada with
regular consignments of young waifs
and strays, who are given to under-
stand here, grow up into mothers of
great and good citizens, and thus help
maintain the glories of the Dominion,
has been compelled to advertise for ma-
terial. The supply which the streets and
gutters of London and other cities have
heretofore yielded in rank abundance
has apparently failed at last, though
this is hard to understand. Possibly
Miss Rye has grown fastidious, or may-
be the Canadian authorities have be-
come less complacent. At any rate,
only Protestant girls will in future be
allowed to assist in making Canada,
and they must be between the ages of
10 and 16, and healthy. But provided
the young emigrants' religious doctrines
be orthodox and their bodies sound Miss
Rye is not overparticular. The only
other condition set forth in the adver-
tisement is that the girls shall be "fair-
ly intelligent."—London Letter.

Women Doctors.

A reporter, interviewing a woman
physician the other day in London, asked
whether women doctors had now estab-
lished themselves in public confidence
and if their patients had quite got over
the idea that they were risking their
health magnanimously to oblige a fel-
low woman. He was answered: "Oh,
yes, all that feeling has quite passed
away. Indeed women as physicians are
treated with absolute confidence. But
with regard to women surgeons a
slight hesitation is still shown. Patients
will allow a woman to diagnose the

most complicated cases, but if there is
ever so small an operation to be per-
formed they would rather employ a
man to carry out her directions. There
is a reason for this skepticism. Hitherto
women have enjoyed very little surgical
practice, but the facilities afforded by
the Hospital For Women, and, I trust,
in the future, by many other hospitals,
will give women the necessary experi-
ence and remove just this one last ves-
tige of prejudice."

Taking Her Life In Her Hands.

Miss Hamilton, a lady doctor, has just
left India for Cabul, where she is spe-
cially to attend on the ladies of the
Ameer Abdurrahman's household. While
in Afghanistan she is to have a per-
sonal guard of six soldiers, three of
whom will accompany her when she
goes out. She is accompanied by one
native Indian servant, and the Indian
government has disclaimed all responsi-
bility for whatever may happen to her.
The Ameer has engaged her services for
a period of six months. At the same
time Mr. Clemence, superintendent of the
Ameer's stud, is taking up his wife
and a European nurse to Cabul, under
the personal guarantee of the Ameer.—
London Graphic.

Miss Catherine H. Spence.

Miss Catherine H. Spence of Ade-
laide, South Australia, has gone to
Glasgow after nearly a year's stay in
the United States, during which time
she gave many addresses on proportion-
al representation. She has left here
many warm advocates of that measure.
One of her last speeches in this country
was before the Ladies' Political Study
club of Toronto.—Exchange.

Rosa Bonheur.

Rosa Bonheur, upon whose breast the
Empress Eugenie personally fastened
the Cross of the Legion of Honor in
1865, has just been promoted to the
grade of officer in that order, the first
woman artist upon whom that distinc-
tion has been conferred.—Paris Corre-
spondent.

NEW PRETTIES.

Tiny pocketbooks for change, with a
delicate silver ornament applied, are
new.

Slender glass vases, flower shaped and
tipped with silver, are among the most
attractive of their kind.

The new asparagus dishes have pierced
bottoms that allow the water to drain
into a receptacle beneath.

A new fruit dish is a large crumpled,
indented oval, on the bottom of which
appears fruit in its natural tints.

The combination of silver and opales-
cent glass in lamps is effectively made.
The lamp shades are of glass overlaid
with designs in silver wire.

There is a great showing now of ginger
ale supports, flasks, drinking cups, shak-
ers, siphons, wine coolers and all the
paraphernalia that goes toward the mak-
ing of cooling beverages.

The library sets complete are the most
attractive things in the market. A large
white pad heavily bound at the sides in
silver ornamentation was set forth with
everything in silver that could possibly
tempt to correspondence.—Jewelers' Cir-
cular.

A Mystery Solved.



"Clara, it's the likes o' them wot makes
so many of us young ladies ole maids.
The feller gets a skeered o' the milliners'
an the dressmakers' bills."—Life.

Read the "Wants." Many of them are
as interesting as news items. See if it
is not so.

**TOPEKA
Shirt
MFG. CO.**

MANUFACTURE ALL
STYLES SHIRTS TO
ORDER.
We have just received the FINEST
LINE of
Summer Shirts
ever shown in Topeka
CALL AND SEE THEM.

IN CONNECTION WITH
TOPEKA STEAM LAUNDRY.
E. M. WOOLGER, Mgr.
625 JACKSON STREET.

WESTERN FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS,

ESTABLISHED 1875.

FORMERLY

Topeka Foundry and Machine Works,
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R. L. COFRAN, Proprietor.

MANUFACTURER OF STEAM ENGINES, MILL MACHINERY,
SHAFTING, PULLEYS, GEARINGS, FITTINGS, ETC.

Write for Prices.

TOPEKA, KAS.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

813 KANSAS AVENUE.

If you wish to buy or rent a first class new or second-hand PIANO or ORGAN,
upon the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS, call upon us.

We have secured the services of a first class PIANO POLISHER and REPAIRER
and are prepared to repolish all kinds of musical instruments, furniture, etc.

REPAIRING SOLICITED.

CONRON BROS.

R. D. INGERSOLL

Has removed his business to 107 East Sixth Avenue, where he will do a General Undertaking
and Embalming Business.

I HAVE FIRST CLASS LADY AND GENTLEMEN EMBALMERS.
I have the Finest and Largest Chapel and Best Morgue in the city, and belong to no combine of
anti-combine. Office is open day and night.

Rev. R. D. Ingersoll, Embalmer.

107 East Sixth Avenue.
Telephone No. 440.

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FLORIST**

Corner Elmwood and Willow Avenues,
Potwin Place,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.
Grows and sells plants. Makes a spe-
cialty of cut flowers. Does all kinds of
floral work in a first-class manner.
TELEPHONE 459.

**CAPITAL
COAL YARD,**
112 WEST FOURTH ST.

Osage Coal \$2.45 per ton.
Cut prices on all Coal and Wood orders.
Grant's Jersey Bull is located here.
Come in and see me if you want cheap prices
on Coal or Wood.

**I. W. B. GRANT,
WEST FOURTH ST.**

**TOPEKA
TRANSFER
COMPANY.**
509 Kas. Ave. Tele. 320.
F. P. BACON, Prop.

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THE LARGEST LINE IN THE CITY.
ALL CHINA AND ART MATERIAL
COMPLETE NEWS DEPARTMENT.
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523 KANSAS AVE.**

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Route**

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THROUGH
TRAINS**

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TO
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OMAHA, PEORIA,
ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS

ONLY ONE CHANGE OF CARS TO THE

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THE BEST LINE FOR

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NORTH AND EAST.

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Buggies,

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Practical Horse-Shoer**



213 WEST FIFTH ST.,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.
Horses with diseased feet skillfully treated.
Track and road shoeing a specialty.

The STATE JOURNAL'S Want and Mis-
cellaneous columns reach each working
day in the week more than twice as
many Topeka people as can be reached
through any other paper. This is a fact.
Read the "Wants